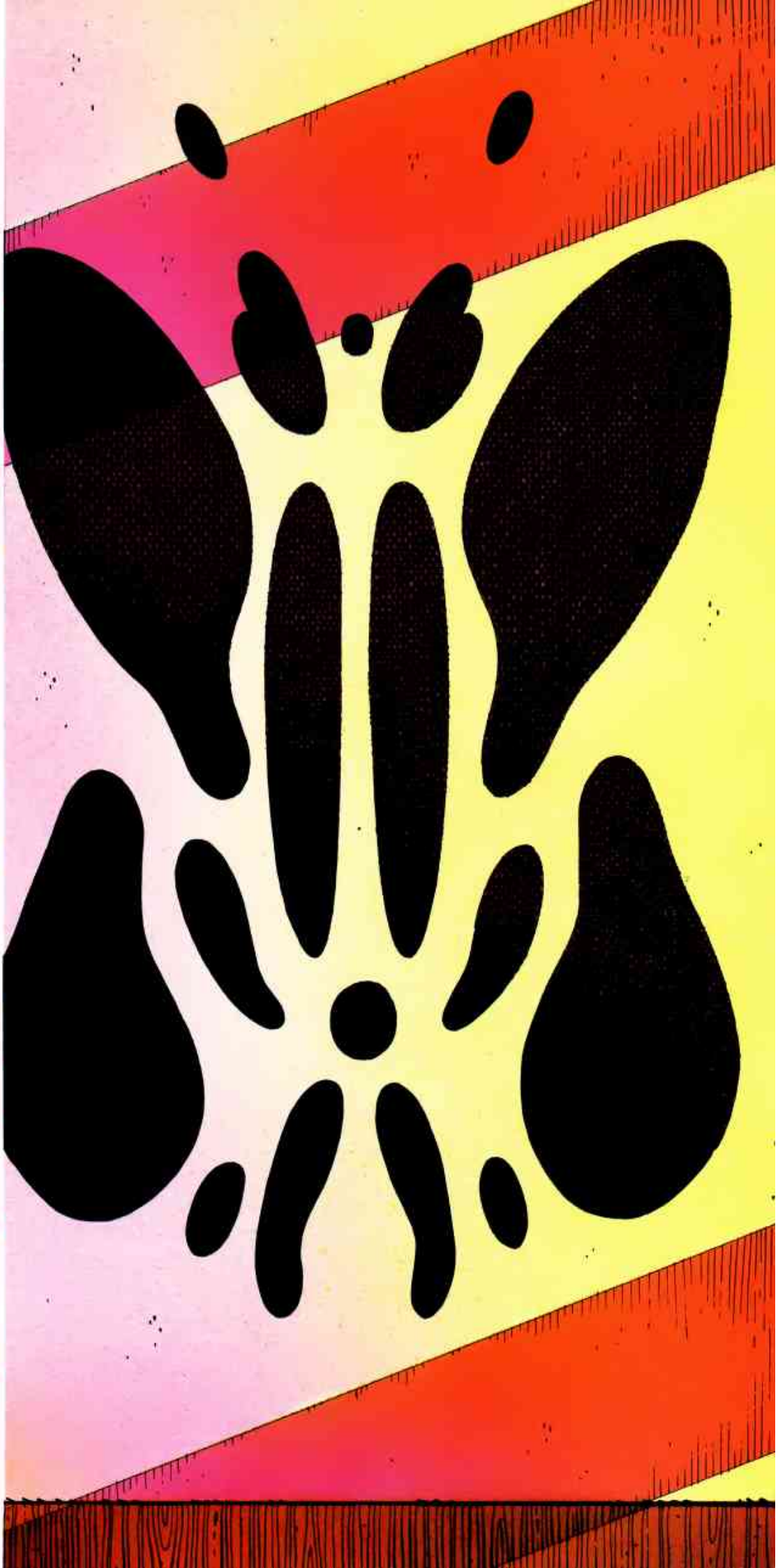
WATCHMEN
No. 6 of 12 $1.50 $2.10/CAN.

WATCHMEN

FEBRUARY 1987



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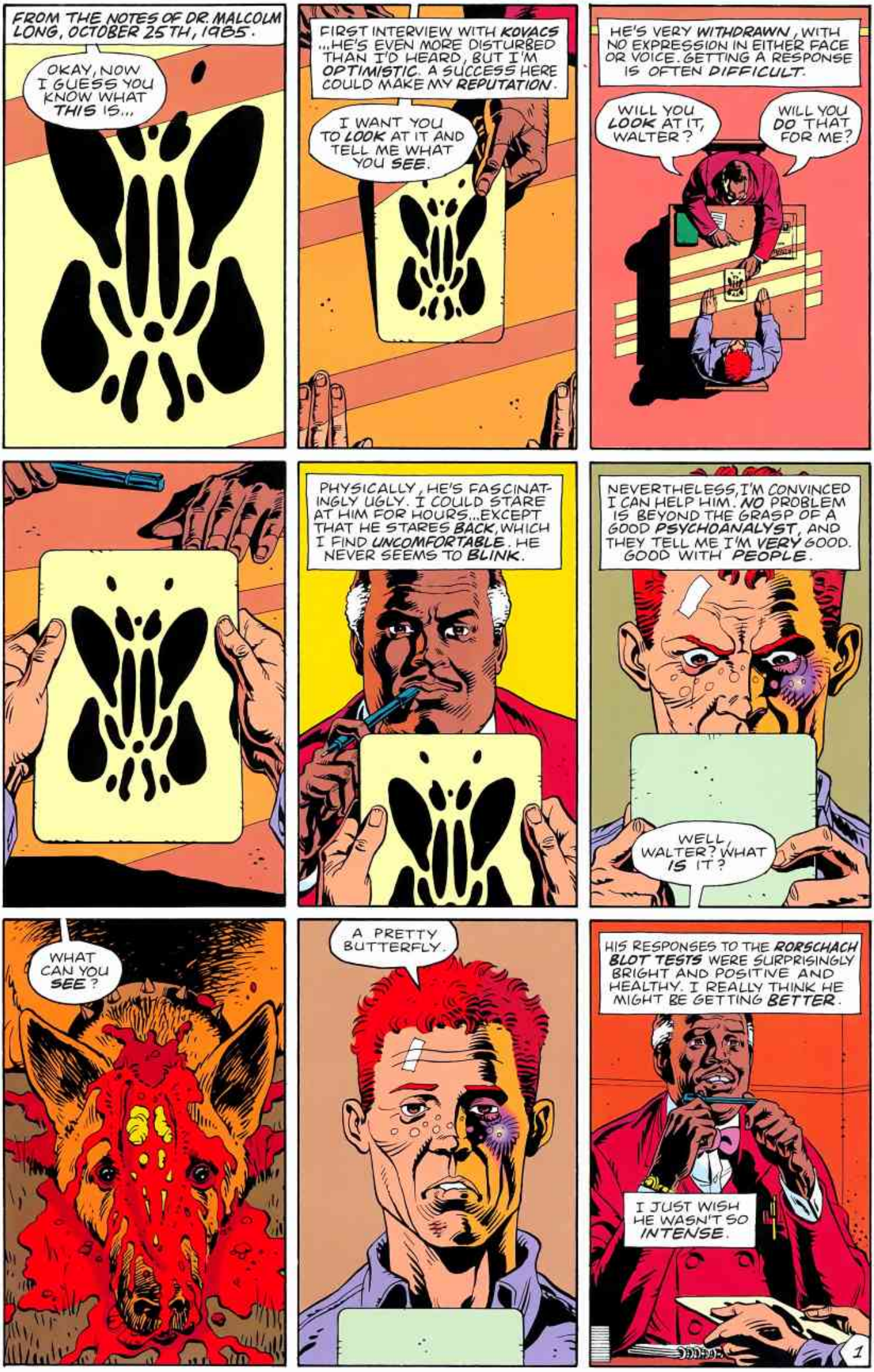
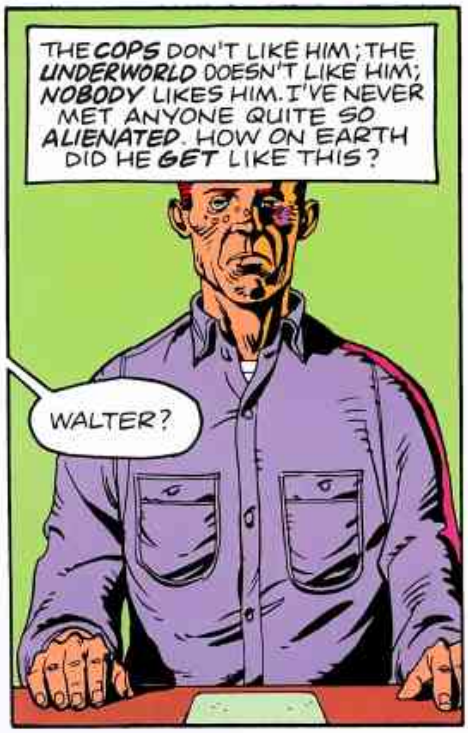

FROM THE NOTES OF DR. MALCOLM LONG, OCTOBER 25TH, 1985.
OKAY, NOW I GUESS YOU KNOW WHAT THIS IS...
FIRST INTERVIEW WITH KOVACS ...HE'S EVEN MORE DISTURBED THAN I'D HEARD, BUT I'M OPTIMISTIC. A SUCCESS HERE COULD MAKE MY REPUTATION.
I WANT YOU TO LOOK AT IT AND TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE.
HE'S VERY WITHDRAWN, WITH NO EXPRESSION IN EITHER FACE OR VOICE. GETTING A RESPONSE IS OFTEN DIFFICULT.
WILL YOU LOOK AT IT, WALTER?
WILL YOU DO THAT FOR ME?
PHYSICALLY, HE'S FASCINATINGLY UGLY. I COULD STARE AT HIM FOR HOURS...EXCEPT THAT HE STARES BACK, WHICH I FIND UNCOMFORTABLE. HE NEVER SEEMS TO BLINK.
NEVERTHELESS, I'M CONVINCED I CAN HELP HIM. NO PROBLEM IS BEYOND THE GRASP OF A GOOD PSYCHOANALYST, AND THEY TELL ME I'M VERY GOOD. GOOD WITH PEOPLE.
WELL, WALTER? WHAT IS IT?
WHAT CAN YOU SEE?
A PRETTY BUTTERFLY.
HIS RESPONSES TO THE RORSCHACH BLOT TESTS WERE SURPRISINGLY BRIGHT AND POSITIVE AND HEALTHY. I REALLY THINK HE MIGHT BE GETTING BETTER.
I JUST WISH HE WASN'T SO INTENSE.
1

THE ABYSS GAZES ALSO

HIS FULL NAME IS WALTER JOSEPH KOVACS, BORN 1940. MOTHER'S NAME: SYLVIA JOANNA KOVACS, FORMERLY SYLVIA GLICK. HIS FATHER'S NAME IS UNKNOWN.
LET'S TRY ANOTHER, SHALL WE?

HE'S 5'6" TALL AND WEIGHS 140 LBS. FOR HIS AGE, HE'S IN EXCELLENT PHYSICAL SHAPE DESPITE A LOT OF BRUISES AND LACERATIONS MOSTLY SUSTAINED DURING HIS ARREST.
HOW ABOUT THIS ONE?

THE POLICE HAVE BEATEN ON HIM PRETTY BADLY. DURING THE POLICE STRIKE OF '77 HE MADE SEVERAL INFLAMMATORY ANTI-COP STATEMENTS, AND THEY'VE NEVER FORGOTTEN.
C'MON, WALTER...DO IT FOR ME, HUH?


THE COPS DON'T LIKE HIM; THE UNDERWORLD DOESN'T LIKE HIM; NOBODY LIKES HIM. I'VE NEVER MET ANYONE QUITE SO ALIENATED. HOW ON EARTH DID HE GET LIKE THIS?
WALTER?

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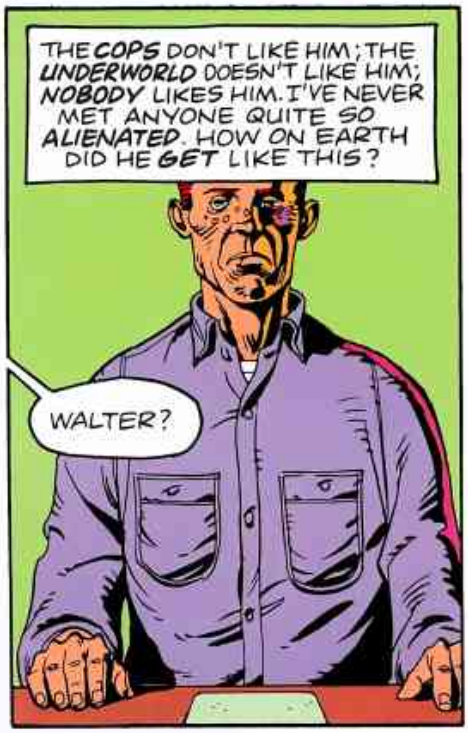
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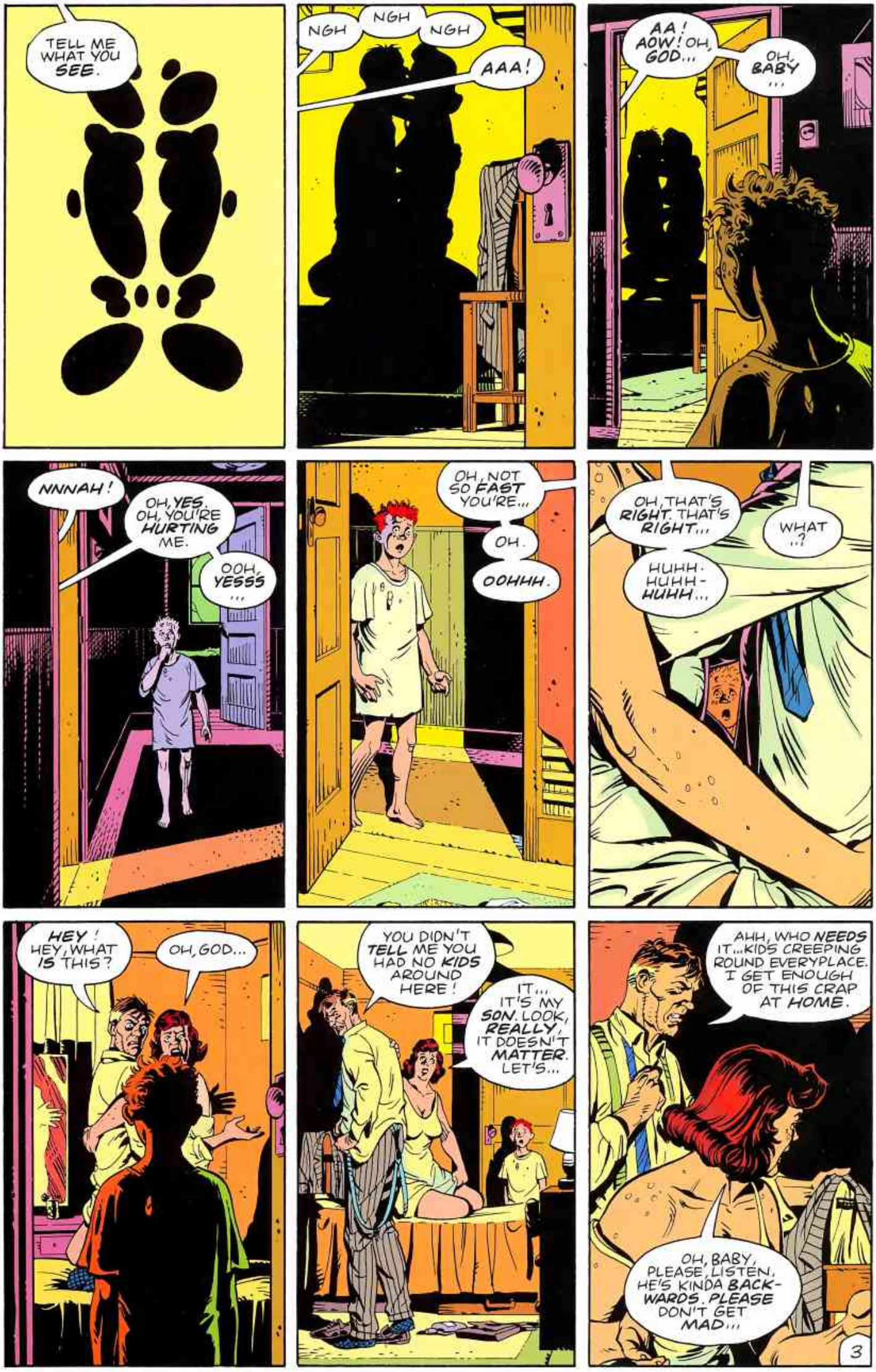
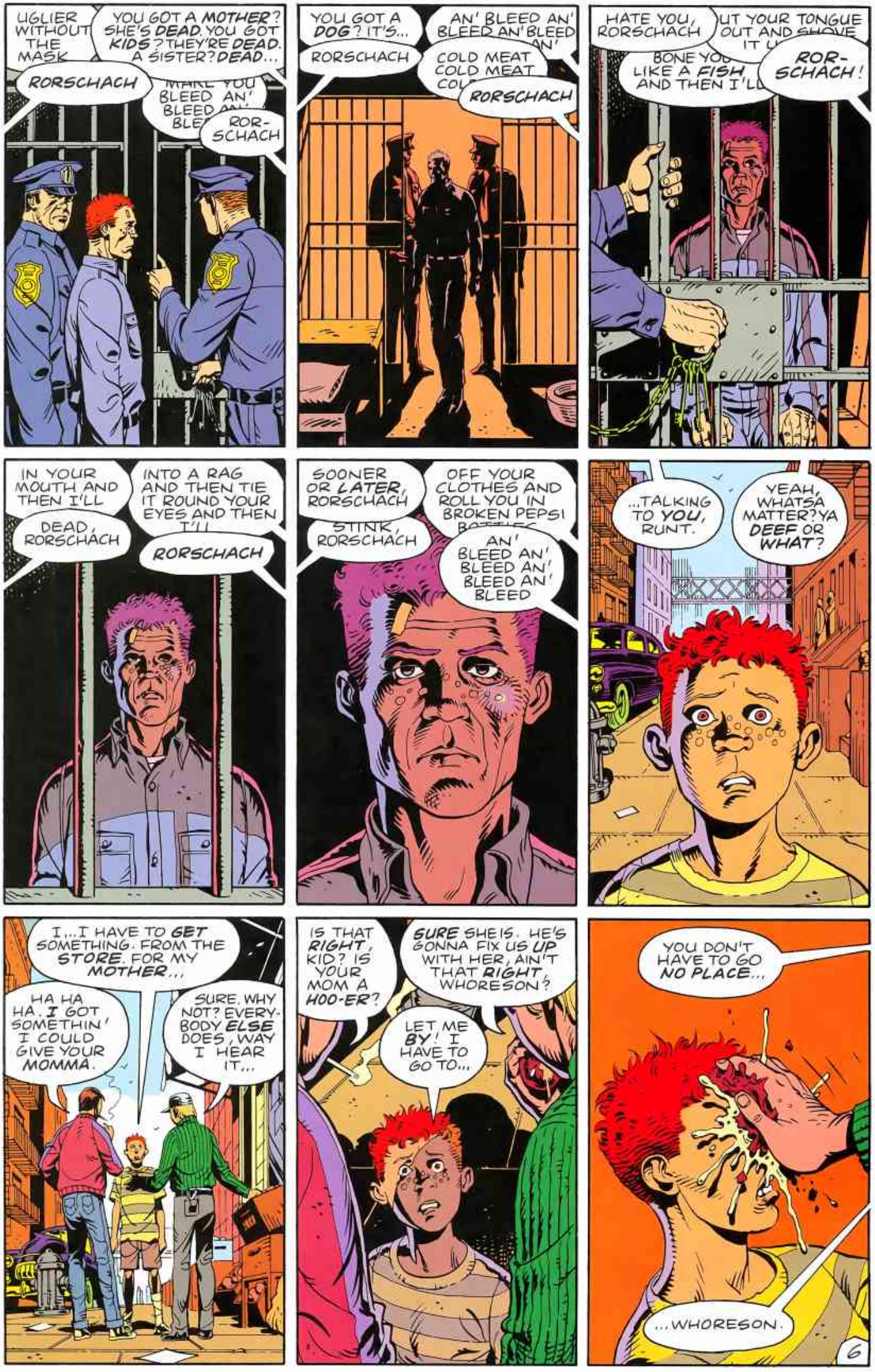
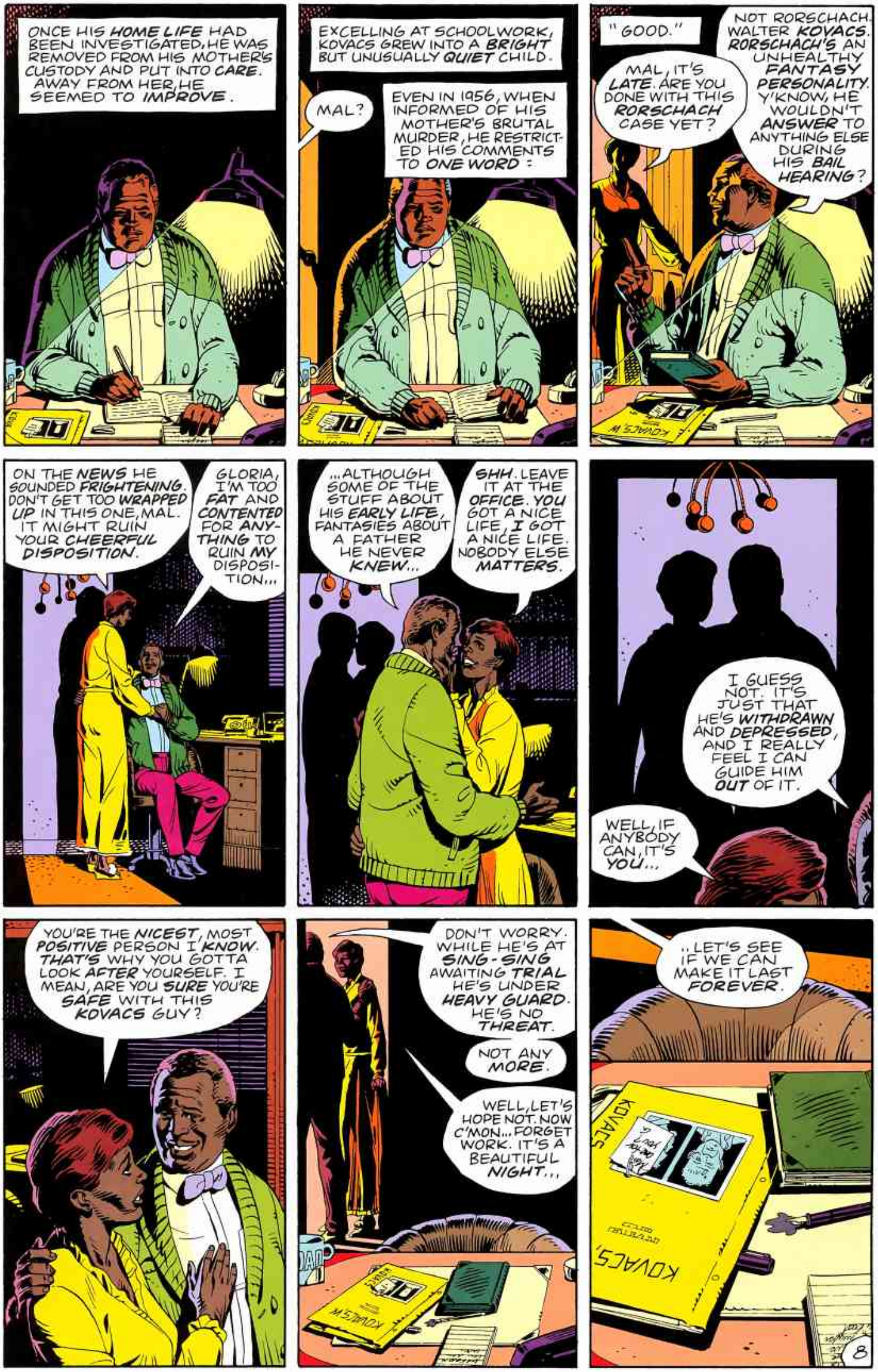

TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE.
NGH
NGH
NGH
AAA!
AA! AOW! OH, GOD...
OH, BABY...
NNNAH!
OH, YES. OH, YOU'RE HURTING ME.
OOH, YESSS...
OH, NOT SO FAST YOU'RE...
OH.
OOHHH.
OH, THAT'S RIGHT. THAT'S RIGHT...
WHAT...?
HUHH. HUHH- HUHH...
HEY! HEY, WHAT IS THIS?
OH, GOD...
YOU DIDN'T TELL ME YOU HAD NO KIDS AROUND HERE!
IT... IT'S MY SON. LOOK, REALLY, IT DOESN'T MATTER. LET'S...
AHH, WHO NEEDS IT...KIDS CREEPING ROUND EVERYPLACE. I GET ENOUGH OF THIS CRAP AT HOME.
OH, BABY, PLEASE, LISTEN, HE'S KINDA BACK-WARDS. PLEASE DON'T GET MAD...
3

I SAID FORGET IT. HERE'S FIVE BUCKS. IT'S MORE'N YOU'RE WORTH.
FIVE...?
FIVE BUCKS? YOU BASTARD! YOU LOUSY BASTARD! DON'T YOU DARE WALK OUT ON ME. DON'T YOU DARE!
OUTTA MY WAY, RETARD.
M-MOM?
MOM, I'M SORRY. I, I, I THOUGHT HE WAS HURTING YOU. I THOUGHT ...
YOU LITTLE SHIT!
OOAH!
YOU KNOW WHAT YOU JUST COST ME, YOU UGLY LITTLE BASTARD?
I SHOULDA LISTENED TO EVERY BODY ELSE! I SHOULDA HAD THE ABORTION!
AAAAAAH! MOMMEEEE...
AOH
AAAHAH
AAA
WELL, WALTER?
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?
4

SOME NICE FLOWERS.
WONDERFUL.
WALTER, I'M VERY PLEASED WITH YOUR RESPONSES THIS AFTERNOON, AND I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT.
I REALLY THINK THERE'S HOPE, WALTER. DON'T YOU?
UHH... WELL, OKAY, WALTER, I THINK THAT'S ENOUGH FOR TODAY...
THE GUARDS WILL TAKE YOU BACK TO YOUR, UH, YOUR QUARTERS NOW.
I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW.
HEY! HEY, RORSCHACH! YOU DEAD, MAN...
YEAH, BUT YOU'RE GONNA BE OUR WOMAN FIRST, RORSCHACH. HOWDYA LIKE THAT?
GONNA CUT YOU, SISSY. GONNA HOLD YOU DOWN AN' PEEL YOU LIKE A GRAPE...
RORSCHACH...
TICK IT IN
IL YOU SCREAM
CUT YOUR THR
RORSCHAC
ROR-SCHACH
YOU'RE GONNA BEG. YOU'RE GONNA MAKE IN YOUR GRAYS, MAN...
'RE DEAD
ORSCHACH...
5


UGLIER WITHOUT THE MASK
YOU GOT A MOTHER? SHE'S DEAD. YOU GOT KIDS? THEY'RE DEAD. A SISTER? DEAD...
RORSCHACH
MAKE YOU BLEED AN' BLEED AN' BLE
ROR-SCHACH
YOU GOT A DOG? IT'S...
RORSCHACH
AN' BLEED AN' BLEED AN' BLEED AN'
COLD MEAT COLD MEAT COL
RORSCHACH
HATE YOU, RORSCHACH
UT YOUR TONGUE OUT AND SHOVE IT U
BONE YOU LIKE A FISH, AND THEN I'LL
ROR-SCHACH!
IN YOUR MOUTH AND THEN I'LL
INTO A RAG AND THEN TIE IT ROUND YOUR EYES AND THEN I'LL
DEAD, RORSCHACH
RORSCHACH
SOONER OR LATER, RORSCHACH
OFF YOUR CLOTHES AND ROLL YOU IN BROKEN PEPSI
STINK, RORSCHACH
AN' BLEED AN' BLEED AN' BLEED AN' BLEED
...TALKING TO YOU, RUNT.
YEAH, WHATSA MATTER? YA DEEF OR WHAT?
I...I HAVE TO GET SOMETHING. FROM THE STORE. FOR MY MOTHER...
HA HA HA. I GOT SOMETHIN' I COULD GIVE YOUR MOMMA.
SURE. WHY NOT? EVERY-BODY ELSE DOES, WAY I HEAR IT...
IS THAT RIGHT, KID? IS YOUR MOM A HOO-ER?
SURE SHE IS. HE'S GONNA FIX US UP WITH HER, AIN'T THAT RIGHT, WHORESON?
LET ME BY! I HAVE TO GO TO...
YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO NO PLACE...
...WHORESON.
6

EHHAHAHA! LOOK AT 'IM...
OOK AT 'IM NUTHIN' JU SMELL HI
WHORE-SON.
PROBABLY GOT COOTIES, PROBABLY GOT DISEASES
YOU GOT ANY DISEASES, WHORESON?
EHHAHAHAHA!
WHORESON.
IT, HE COULD HAVE ALL KINDA DISEA
OUGHTTA GIVE THE LITTLE BASTARD AN EXAMINATION
WHORE-SON.
EHHAHAHAHA!
IKE IN THE ARMY. MY DAD SEZ THAT...
OKAY WHORESON, GET YA PANTS DOWN. WE GONNA GIVE YA AN EXAMI- ATION.
HEY, RICHIE, WATCH HIM, HE'S...
HUH? YOU LITTLE SON OF...
EEEEEE EEEEYEEE EEEEIGH
EEEEEE! EEEEEE-EEIIIGH!
AAAAA! GET OFF! GET OFFA ME!
ESUS CHRIST, WILLYA LOOKIT THAT...
OH, GOD, LOOK, THAT FILTHY LITTLE ANIMAL. LOOK HE'S
ULL HIM OFF! FOR GOD'S SAKE SOMEBODY PULL HIM OFF BEFORE
OKAY! OKAY, THAT'S ENOUGH! THAT'S...
AAAAAAA! OH, GOD! NO NO NO NO NO
HOLD HIS ARMS! HOLD HIS ARMS!
HTTA BE LOCKED UP. SEE HIM BITING THAT
LIKE AN ANIMAL. LIKE A MAD DOG...
BLAME THE PARENTS.
EXACTLY LIKE A MAD DOG...
IN 1951, HE ATTACKED AN OLDER CHILD, PARTIALLY BLINDING HIM WITH A LIGHTED CIGARETTE. HE WAS TEN YEARS OLD.
7


ONCE HIS HOME LIFE HAD BEEN INVESTIGATED, HE WAS REMOVED FROM HIS MOTHER'S CUSTODY AND PUT INTO CARE. AWAY FROM HER, HE SEEMED TO IMPROVE.
EXCELLING AT SCHOOLWORK, KOVACS GREW INTO A BRIGHT BUT UNUSUALLY QUIET CHILD.
MAL?
EVEN IN 1956, WHEN INFORMED OF HIS MOTHER'S BRUTAL MURDER, HE RESTRICTED HIS COMMENTS TO ONE WORD:
"GOOD."
MAL, IT'S LATE. ARE YOU DONE WITH THIS RORSCHACH CASE YET?
NOT RORSCHACH. WALTER KOVACS. RORSCHACH'S AN UNHEALTHY FANTASY PERSONALITY. Y'KNOW, HE WOULDN'T ANSWER TO ANYTHING ELSE DURING HIS BAIL HEARING?
ON THE NEWS HE SOUNDED FRIGHTENING. DON'T GET TOO WRAPPED UP IN THIS ONE, MAL. IT MIGHT RUIN YOUR CHEERFUL DISPOSITION.
GLORIA, I'M TOO FAT AND CONTENTED FOR ANYTHING TO RUIN MY DISPOSITION...
...ALTHOUGH SOME OF THE STUFF ABOUT HIS EARLY LIFE, FANTASIES ABOUT A FATHER HE NEVER KNEW...
SHH. LEAVE IT AT THE OFFICE. YOU GOT A NICE LIFE, I GOT A NICE LIFE. NOBODY ELSE MATTERS.
I GUESS NOT. IT'S JUST THAT HE'S WITHDRAWN AND DEPRESSED, AND I REALLY FEEL I CAN GUIDE HIM OUT OF IT.
WELL, IF ANYBODY CAN, IT'S YOU...
YOU'RE THE NICEST, MOST POSITIVE PERSON I KNOW. THAT'S WHY YOU GOTTA LOOK AFTER YOURSELF. I MEAN, ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE SAFE WITH THIS KOVACS GUY?
DON'T WORRY. WHILE HE'S AT SING-SING AWAITING TRIAL HE'S UNDER HEAVY GUARD. HE'S NO THREAT.
NOT ANY MORE.
WELL, LET'S HOPE NOT. NOW C'MON... FORGET WORK. IT'S A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT...
..LET'S SEE IF WE CAN MAKE IT LAST FOREVER.
KOVACS,
8

GOOD MORNING, WALTER. TODAY, I'D LIKE...
SORRY, LATE NIGHT. TODAY, I'D LIKE TO DO SOMETHING DIFFERENT. FRANKLY, WALTER, I'D LIKE TO TALK.
≷HAAA-HHHORRM≶

I'D LIKE TO TALK ABOUT RORSCHACH.
WILL YOU DO THAT FOR ME, WALTER?
WILL YOU TELL ME ABOUT RORSCHACH?

YOU KEEP CALLING ME WALTER.
I DON'T LIKE YOU.

UHH...
YOU...YOU DON'T LIKE ME. ALRIGHT. ALRIGHT.
WUR, WHY IS THAT, EXACTLY?

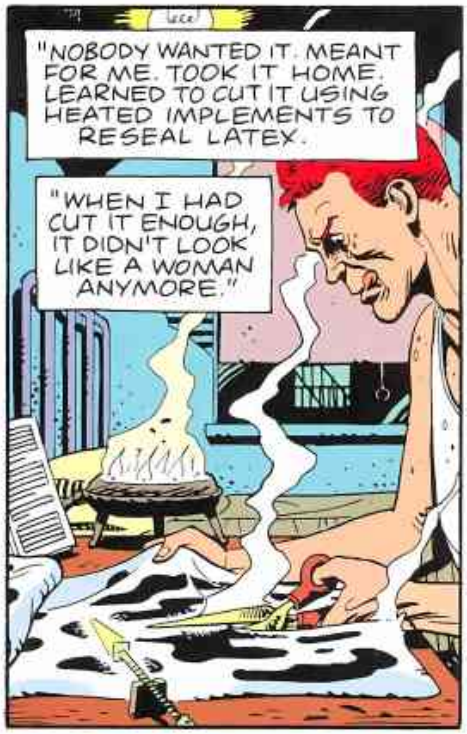
FAT. WEALTHY. THINK YOU UNDERSTAND PAIN.
I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING, DOCTOR.

I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT RORSCHACH.
9

"1956. AGED 16. LEFT CHILDREN'S HOME. BECAME UNSKILLED MANUAL WORKER, GARMENT INDUSTRY.
"JOB BEARABLE BUT UNPLEASANT. HAD TO HANDLE FEMALE CLOTHING.

"1962. SPECIAL ORDER FOR DRESS IN NEW DR. MANHATTAN SPIN-OFF FABRIC. VISCOUS FLUIDS BETWEEN TWO LAYERS LATEX; HEAT AND PRESSURE SENSITIVE.
"CUSTOMER YOUNG GIRL, ITALIAN NAME. NEVER COLLECTED ORDER. SAID DRESS LOOKED UGLY.

"WRONG. NOT UGLY AT ALL.
"BLACK AND WHITE. MOVING. CHANGING SHAPE ... BUT NOT MIXING. NO GRAY.
"VERY, VERY BEAUTIFUL.


"NOBODY WANTED IT. MEANT FOR ME. TOOK IT HOME. LEARNED TO CUT IT USING HEATED IMPLEMENTS TO RESEAL LATEX.
"WHEN I HAD CUT IT ENOUGH, IT DIDN'T LOOK LIKE A WOMAN ANYMORE."

SOON, BECAME BORED. FABRIC HAD NO USE. LEFT IT IN TRUNK. FORGOT ABOUT IT.
TWO YEARS PASSED. MARCH, 1964. STOPPED AT NEWSSTAND ON WAY TO WORK, BOUGHT PAPER. THERE SHE WAS. FRONT PAGE.

"WOMAN WHO'D ORDERED SPECIAL DRESS.
"KITTY GENOVESE.
New York Gazet
WOMAN KILLE
WHILE NEIGHE
LOOK ON
"I'M SURE THAT WAS THE WOMAN'S NAME.

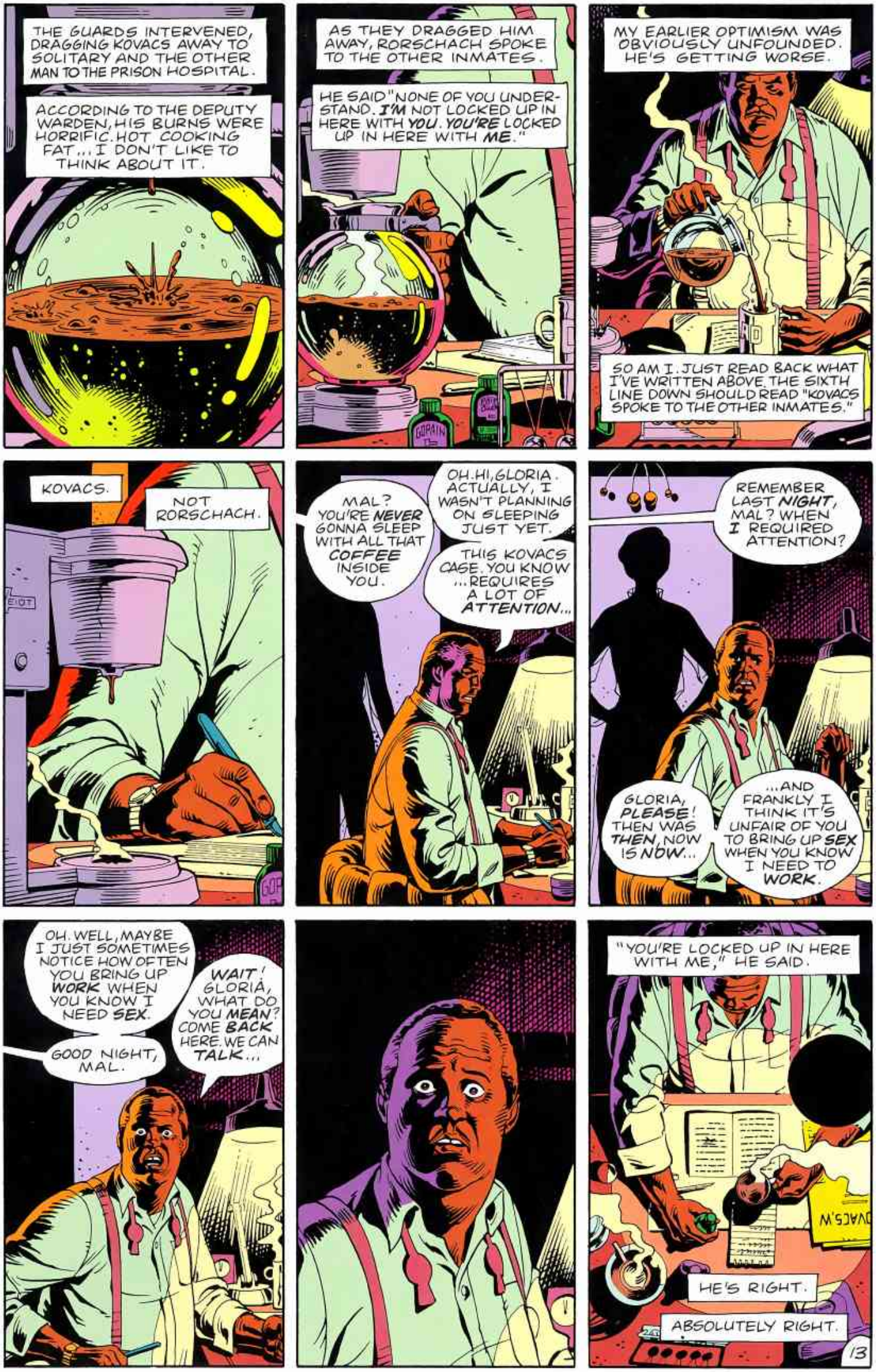
"RAPED. TORTURED. KILLED. HERE. IN NEW YORK. OUTSIDE HER OWN APARTMENT BUILDING.
"ALMOST FORTY NEIGHBORS HEARD SCREAMS. NOBODY DID ANYTHING. NOBODY CALLED COPS. SOME OF THEM EVEN WATCHED. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

"SOME OF THEM EVEN WATCHED.
"I KNEW WHAT PEOPLE WERE, THEN, BEHIND ALL THE EVASIONS, ALL THE SELF-DECEPTION. ASHAMED FOR HUMANITY, I WENT HOME. I TOOK THE REMAINS OF HER UNWANTED DRESS..."

... AND MADE A FACE THAT I COULD BEAR TO LOOK AT IN THE MIRROR.

A FACE.
I SEE.
WALTER, IS WHAT HAPPENED TO KITTY GENOVESE REALLY PROOF THAT THE WHOLE OF MANKIND IS ROTTEN?
I THINK YOU'VE BEEN CONDITIONED WITH A NEGATIVE WORLD VIEW. THERE ARE GOOD PEOPLE, TOO, LIKE...
LIKE YOU?
ME? OH, WELL, I WOULDN'T SAY THAT. I...
NO. YOU JUST THINK IT. THINK YOU'RE 'GOOD PEOPLE'.
WHY ARE YOU SPENDING SO MUCH TIME WITH ME, DOCTOR?
UH ... WELL, BECAUSE I CARE ABOUT YOU, AND BECAUSE I WANT TO MAKE YOU WELL...
OTHER PEOPLE, DOWN IN CELLS. BEHAVIOR MORE EXTREME THAN MINE.
YOU DON'T SPEND ANY TIME WITH THEM...
... BUT THEN, THEY'RE NOT FAMOUS. WON'T GET YOUR NAME IN THE JOURNALS.
YOU DON'T WANT TO MAKE ME WELL. JUST WANT TO KNOW WHAT MAKES ME SICK.
YOU'LL FIND OUT.
HAVE PATIENCE, DOCTOR.
YOU'LL FIND OUT.
FROM THE NOTES OF DR. MALCOLM LONG, OCTOBER 26TH, 1985.
OF COURSE, WHAT WE HAVE HERE IS A CLASSIC CASE OF MISDIRECTED AGGRESSION.
KOVACS HATED HIS MOTHER. AFTER HER DEATH, HE NEEDED SOMEWHERE TO PUT THE ANGER, AND SO HE CHOSE THE CRIMINAL FRATERNITY.
THE FLIMSY STORY ABOUT KITTY GENOVESE IS OBVIOUSLY THERE TO JUSTIFY HIS BEHAVIOR TO HIMSELF.
IT'S PERFECTLY SIMPLE. CASE SOLVED.
" YOU'LL FIND OUT."
I WONDER WHAT HE MEANT?
11

LATER: THE DEPUTY WARDEN JUST CALLED. APPARENTLY, KOVACS WAS INVOLVED IN AN INCIDENT TODAY, JUST AFTER HE'D SEEN ME. IT HAPPENED DURING LUNCH, IN THE CANTEEN...
RORSCHACH...
HEY, RORSCHACH ..YOU'RE PRETTY FAMOUS, RIGHT?
BOY, Y'KNOW, I'D SURE LIKE YOUR AUTO-GRAPH.
I GOT MY AUTOGRAPH BOOK RIGHT HERE IN MY POCKET...
IT'S NOTCHED UP QUITE A FEW FAMOUS NAMES OVER THE YEARS...
... AND I'D SURE LIKE TO ADD YOU TO THE LIST.
HEY! HEY, DON'T TOUCH! WHAT ARE YOU DOI...
12


THE GUARDS INTERVENED, DRAGGING KOVACS AWAY TO SOLITARY AND THE OTHER MAN TO THE PRISON HOSPITAL.
ACCORDING TO THE DEPUTY WARDEN, HIS BURNS WERE HORRIFIC. HOT COOKING FAT... I DON'T LIKE TO THINK ABOUT IT.
AS THEY DRAGGED HIM AWAY, RORSCHACH SPOKE TO THE OTHER INMATES.
HE SAID "NONE OF YOU UNDERSTAND. I'M NOT LOCKED UP IN HERE WITH YOU. YOU'RE LOCKED UP IN HERE WITH ME."
MY EARLIER OPTIMISM WAS OBVIOUSLY UNFOUNDED. HE'S GETTING WORSE.
SO AM I. JUST READ BACK WHAT I'VE WRITTEN ABOVE. THE SIXTH LINE DOWN SHOULD READ "KOVACS SPOKE TO THE OTHER INMATES."
KOVACS.
NOT RORSCHACH.
MAL? YOU'RE NEVER GONNA SLEEP WITH ALL THAT COFFEE INSIDE YOU.
OH. HI, GLORIA. ACTUALLY, I WASN'T PLANNING ON SLEEPING JUST YET.
THIS KOVACS CASE. YOU KNOW ...REQUIRES A LOT OF ATTENTION...
REMEMBER LAST NIGHT, MAL? WHEN I REQUIRED ATTENTION?
GLORIA, PLEASE! THEN WAS THEN, NOW IS NOW...
...AND FRANKLY I THINK IT'S UNFAIR OF YOU TO BRING UP SEX WHEN YOU KNOW I NEED TO WORK.
OH. WELL, MAYBE I JUST SOMETIMES NOTICE HOW OFTEN YOU BRING UP WORK WHEN YOU KNOW I NEED SEX.
GOOD NIGHT, MAL.
WAIT! GLORIA, WHAT DO YOU MEAN? COME BACK HERE. WE CAN TALK...
"YOU'RE LOCKED UP IN HERE WITH ME," HE SAID.
HE'S RIGHT.
ABSOLUTELY RIGHT.
13

ALRIGHT, ROR...
ALRIGHT, WALTER...THIS AFTERNOON I WANT TO PICK UP WHERE WE LEFT OFF...
AFTER THE MURDER OF KITTY GENOVESE, YOU DECIDED TO VENT YOUR HOSTILITY UPON THE UNDER-WORLD...
MAKING A MASK FOR YOURSELF, YOU DECIDED TO BECOME RORSCHACH AND ...
DON'T BE STUPID.
I WASN'T RORSCHACH THEN.
THEN I WAS JUST KOVACS.
KOVACS PRETENDING TO BE RORSCHACH.
" BEING RORSCHACH TAKES CERTAIN KIND OF INSIGHT. BACK THEN, JUST THOUGHT I WAS RORSCHACH. VERY NAIVE. VERY YOUNG.
" VERY SOFT."
SOFT? HOW DO YOU MEAN?
SOFT ON SCUM. TOO YOUNG TO KNOW ANY BETTER. MOLLY-COODLED THEM.
" LET THEM LIVE."
AS OPPOSED TO MR. JACOBI AND THE OTHER MURDERS YOU'RE CHARGED WITH, PRESUMABLY.
WELL, LOOKING AT YOUR FILE, THERE'S NO RECORD OF SERIOUS VIOLENCE AGAINST CRIMINALS BEFORE 1975...
LIKE I SAY. SOFT.
KOVACS, W.
"HADN'T REALIZED THE STAKES WE WERE PLAYING FOR BACK THEN.
"ALL OF US...ME, MY FRIENDS: ALL SOFT."
YOU HAVE FRIENDS?
14

KOVACS HAD FRIENDS. OTHER MEN IN COSTUMES. ALL KOVACS EVER WAS: MAN IN A COSTUME.
NOT RORSCHACH.
NOT RORSCHACH AT ALL.
"IN 1965, WORKED WITH NITE OWL BRINGING STREET GANGS UNDER CONTROL. TACKLED THE BIG FIGURE TOGETHER. BROUGHT DOWN UNDERBOSS TOGETHER. GOOD TEAM.
"UNTIL HE GOT SOFT, LIKE REST.
"UNTIL HE QUIT."
NO STAYING POWER. NONE OF THEM.
EXCEPT COMEDIAN. MET HIM IN 1966. FORCEFUL PERSONALITY. DIDN'T CARE IF PEOPLE LIKED HIM. UNCOMPROMISING.
ADMIRED THAT.
"OF US ALL, HE UNDERSTOOD MOST. ABOUT WORLD. ABOUT PEOPLE. ABOUT SOCIETY AND WHAT'S HAPPENING TO IT.
"THINGS EVERYONE KNOWS IN GUT. THINGS EVERYONE TOO SCARED TO FACE, TOO POLITE TO TALK ABOUT.
"HE UNDERSTOOD."
UNDERSTOOD MAN'S CAPACITY FOR HORRORS AND NEVER QUIT. SAW THE WORLD'S BLACK UNDERBELLY AND NEVER SURRENDERED.
ONCE A MAN HAS SEEN, HE CAN NEVER TURN HIS BACK ON IT. NEVER PRETEND IT DOESN'T EXIST.
"NO MATTER WHO ORDERS HIM TO LOOK THE OTHER WAY.
"WE DO NOT DO THIS THING BECAUSE IT IS PERMITTED. WE DO IT BECAUSE WE HAVE TO.
"WE DO IT BECAUSE WE ARE COMPELLED."
KEENE ACT PASSED: VIGILANTES ILLEGAL
15

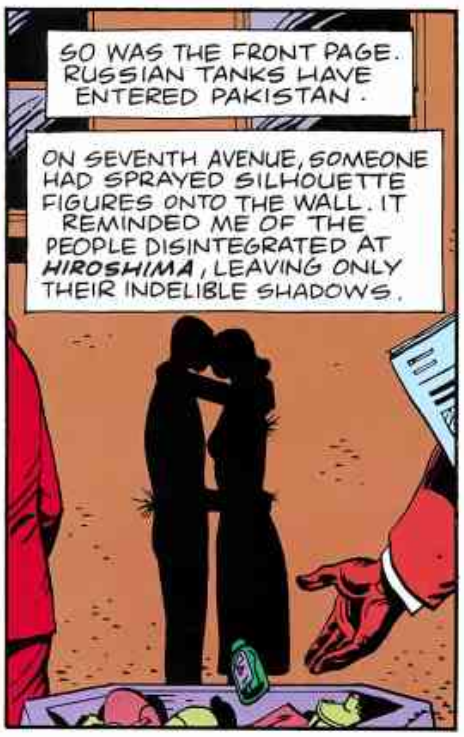
FROM THE NOTES OF DR. MALCOLM LONG. OCTOBER 27TH, 1985 =
HIS LAST WORDS TODAY WERE "WE DO IT BECAUSE WE ARE COMPELLED."

BUT HE NEVER SAYS WHAT IT *IS* THAT COMPELS HIM. IT'S NOT HIS *CHILDHOOD*, HIS *MOTHER* OR *KITTY GENOVESE*. THOSE THINGS JUST MADE HIM *OVER-REACT* TO THE *INJUSTICE* IN THE WORLD.
THEY'RE NOT WHAT SENT HIM OVER ITS EDGE.

THEY'RE NOT WHAT TURNED HIM INTO RORSCHACH.

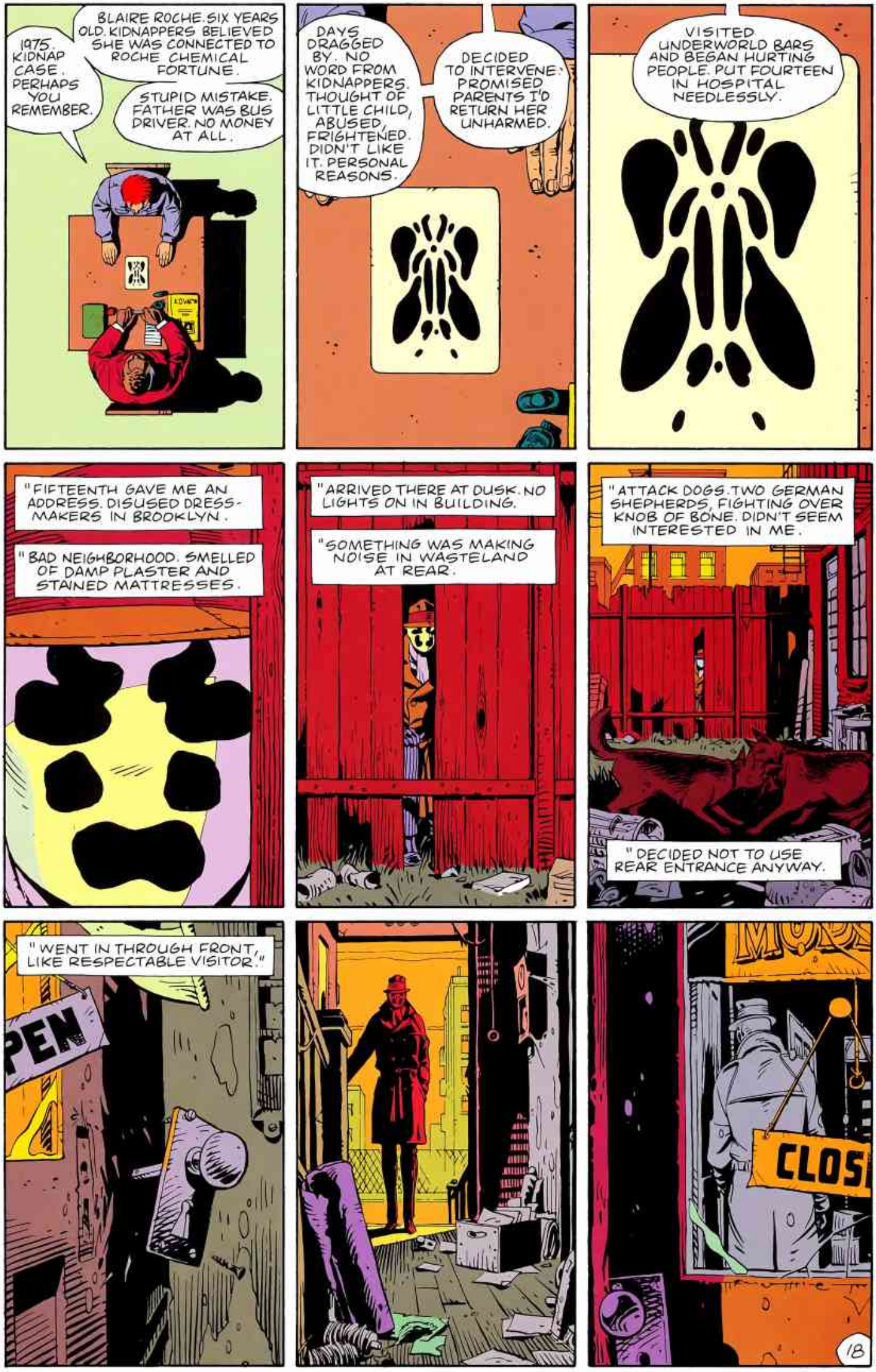
IT'S AS IF CONTINUAL CONTACT WITH SOCIETY'S *GRIM* ELEMENTS HAS SHAPED HIM INTO SOMETHING *GRIMMER*, SOMETHING EVEN *WORSE*.
IF ONLY I COULD CONVINCE HIM THAT LIFE ISN'T *LIKE* THAT. THE *WORLD* ISN'T LIKE THAT.
I'M *POSITIVE* IT ISN'T.

BOUGHT A GAZETTE ON WAY HOME, INCLUDING A SMALL PIECE ABOUT KOVACS WHICH THE NEWSVENDOR POINTED OUT EXCITEDLY. I GUESS HE DOES THAT TO EVERYBODY.
APPARENTLY, KOVACS VISITED HIS NEWSSTAND REGULARLY.
THE COINCIDENCE IS TRIVIAL, BUT UNSETTLING.
New York Ga


SO WAS THE FRONT PAGE. RUSSIAN TANKS HAVE ENTERED PAKISTAN.
ON SEVENTH AVENUE, SOMEONE HAD SPRAYED SILHOUETTE FIGURES ONTO THE WALL. IT REMINDED ME OF THE PEOPLE DISINTEGRATED AT *HIROSHIMA*, LEAVING ONLY THEIR INDELIBLE SHADOWS.

AT HOME, GLORIA SEEMED ANXIOUS TO SWEETEN THINGS AFTER YESTERDAY AND TOLD ME SHE'D INVITED RANDY AND DIANA TO DINNER TOMORROW.
WAS TOO EXHAUSTED TO TAKE IN ALL THE DETAILS AND SUGGESTED AN EARLY NIGHT.

FROM THE NOTES OF DR. MALCOLM LONG. OCTOBER 28TH, 1985:
TODAY HE TOLD ME EVERYTHING.
HELLO, RORSCHACH. HOW ARE YOU TODAY?
IN PRISON.
YOURSELF?
UH... FINE. I'M FINE.
I THOUGHT WE'D TRY SOME MORE BLOT TESTS.
HOW ABOUT TAKING A LOOK AT THIS ONE FOR ME?
SEEN THIS ONE BEFORE.
YES. I KNOW. I... UH... I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN HOLDING BACK BEFORE AND I WANTED TO TRY IT AGAIN.
GO ON. TELL ME WHAT YOU REALLY SEE.
DOG.
DOG WITH HEAD SPLIT IN HALF.
I... I SEE.
AND, UH, WHAT DO YOU THINK SPLIT THE, UH, SPLIT THE DOG'S HEAD.
IN HALF.
I DID.
17

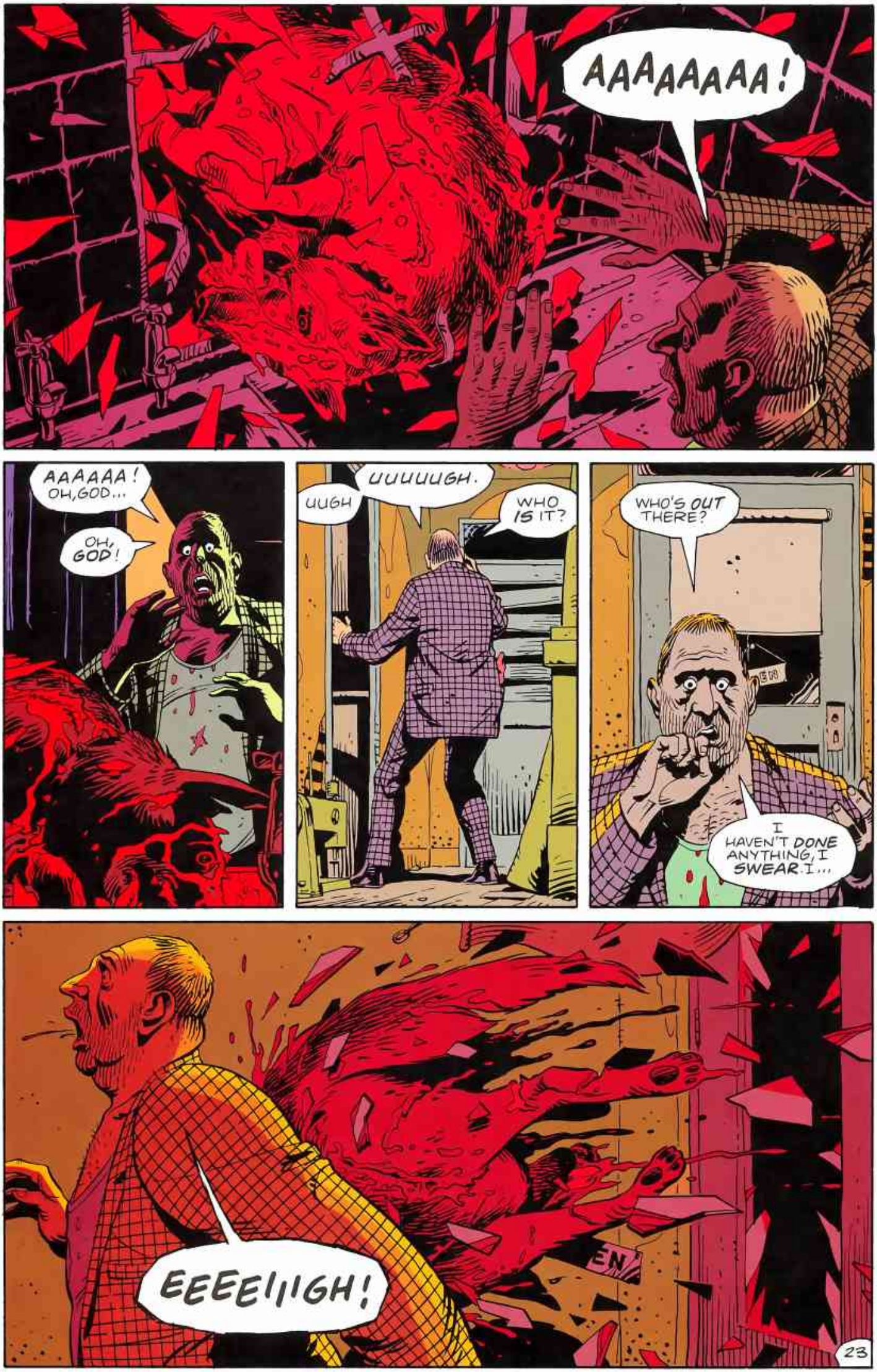

1975. KIDNAP CASE. PERHAPS YOU REMEMBER.
BLAIRE ROCHE. SIX YEARS OLD. KIDNAPPERS BELIEVED SHE WAS CONNECTED TO ROCHE CHEMICAL FORTUNE.
STUPID MISTAKE. FATHER WAS BUS DRIVER. NO MONEY AT ALL.
DAYS DRAGGED BY. NO WORD FROM KIDNAPPERS. THOUGHT OF LITTLE CHILD, ABUSED, FRIGHTENED. DIDN'T LIKE IT. PERSONAL REASONS.
DECIDED TO INTERVENE. PROMISED PARENTS I'D RETURN HER UNHARMED.
VISITED UNDERWORLD BARS AND BEGAN HURTING PEOPLE. PUT FOURTEEN IN HOSPITAL NEEDLESSLY.
"FIFTEENTH GAVE ME AN ADDRESS. DISUSED DRESS-MAKERS IN BROOKLYN.
"BAD NEIGHBORHOOD. SMELLED OF DAMP PLASTER AND STAINED MATTRESSES.
"ARRIVED THERE AT DUSK. NO LIGHTS ON IN BUILDING.
"SOMETHING WAS MAKING NOISE IN WASTELAND AT REAR.
"ATTACK DOGS. TWO GERMAN SHEPHERDS, FIGHTING OVER KNOB OF BONE. DIDN'T SEEM INTERESTED IN ME.
"DECIDED NOT TO USE REAR ENTRANCE ANYWAY.
"WENT IN THROUGH FRONT, LIKE RESPECTABLE VISITOR."
PEN
CLOS
18

SHOCK OF IMPACT RAN ALONG MY ARM. JET OF WARMTH SPATTERED ON CHEST, LIKE HOT FAUCET.
IT WAS KOVACS WHO SAID "MOTHER" THEN, MUFFLED UNDER LATEX. IT WAS KOVACS WHO CLOSED HIS EYES.

IT WAS RORSCHACH WHO OPENED THEM AGAIN.

ACCORDING TO MY INFORMANT, MAN USING PREMISES NAMED GERALD GRICE.
OUT DRINKING WHEN I CALLED. RETURNED TO DRESSMAKERS AT TEN FORTY-FIVE.

DARK BY THEN.
DARK AS IT GETS.


AAAAAAAA!
AAAAAA! OH, GOD...
OH, GOD!
UUUUUGH.
UUGH
WHO IS IT?
WHO'S OUT THERE?
I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING, I SWEAR I...
EEEEIIIGH!
23

EEEE-YYUUUGH! GET OFF!
SOMEBODY GET IT OFF ME!
OOUGHH.
OH, NO. OH, PLEASE... I HAVEN'T DONE ANY-THING...
OOUUH. OH, WAIT! WAIT, PLEASE, PLEASE, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO..?
LOOK... LOOK, I KNOW WHAT YOU THINK...
YOU THINK I'M SOMETHING TO DO WITH THAT LITTLE GIRL.
WELL, WELL, I'M NOT, OKAY? OKAY?
OH, GOD, PLEASE... WHAT DO YOU WANT?
Y-YOU CAN'T PROVE ANYTHING. I MEAN, WH-WHERE'S THE EVIDENCE? YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING TO...
...ME...
24

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...ME...
24

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE. THAT'S MINE!
WHAT IS THIS?
YOU'RE GIVING ME THIS? IS THAT IT?
LOOK, PLEASE, IF YOU'D JUST SAY SOMETHING...
HEY! HEY, ARE YOU CRAZY?
THAT'S KEROSENE!
YES.
SHOULDN'T BOTHER TRYING TO SAW THROUGH HANDCUFFS.
NEVER MAKE IT IN TIME.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO...
OH, GOD.
OH, JESUS, NO. YOU'RE KIDDING. YOU HAVE TO BE KIDDING.
EEEEAAAGH
YIIIAAAGH
"STOOD IN STREET. WATCHED IT BURN.
"IMAGINED LIMBLESS FELT TORSOS INSIDE; BREASTS BLACKENING; BELLIES SMOLDERING; BURSTING INTO FLAME ONE BY ONE.
"WATCHED FOR AN HOUR."
NOBODY GOT OUT.
25

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE. THAT'S MINE!
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"WATCHED FOR AN HOUR."
NOBODY GOT OUT.
25

"STOOD IN FIRELIGHT, SWELTERING. BLOODSTAIN ON CHEST LIKE MAP OF VIOLENT NEW CONTINENT.
"FELT CLEANSED. FELT DARK PLANET TURN UNDER MY FEET AND KNEW WHAT CATS KNOW THAT MAKES THEM SCREAM LIKE BABIES IN NIGHT.
"LOOKED AT SKY THROUGH SMOKE HEAVY WITH HUMAN FAT AND GOD WAS NOT THERE. THE COLD, SUFFOCATING DARK GOES ON FOREVER, AND WE ARE ALONE
"LIVE OUR LIVES, LACKING ANYTHING BETTER TO DO. DEVISE REASON LATER.
"BORN FROM OBLIVION; BEAR CHILDREN, HELL-BOUND AS OURSELVES; GO INTO OBLIVION.
"THERE IS NOTHING ELSE."
EXISTENCE IS RANDOM. HAS NO PATTERN SAVE WHAT WE IMAGINE AFTER STARING AT IT FOR TOO LONG.
NO MEANING SAVE WHAT WE CHOOSE TO IMPOSE.
THIS RUDDERLESS WORLD IS NOT SHAPED BY VAGUE METAPHYSICAL FORCES. IT IS NOT GOD WHO KILLS THE CHILDREN. NOT FATE THAT BUTCHERS THEM OR DESTINY THAT FEEDS THEM TO THE DOGS.
IT'S US.
ONLY US.
STREETS STANK OF FIRE. THE VOID BREATHED HARD ON MY HEART, TURNING ITS ILLUSIONS TO ICE, SHATTERING THEM.
WAS REBORN THEN, FREE TO SCRAWL OWN DESIGN ON THIS MORALLY BLANK WORLD.
WAS RORSCHACH.
DOES THAT ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS, DOCTOR?
26

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FROM THE NOTES OF DR. MALCOLM LONG. OCTOBER 28TH, 1985:
WALKED HOME ALONG 40TH STREET. A BLACK MAN TRIED TO SELL ME A ROLEX WATCH. WHEN I KEPT WALKING HE STARTED SHOUTING "NIGGER! HEY, NIGGER!"
IGNORED HIM. BOUGHT PAPER. RUSSIANS CLAIM THAT FIGHTING SPILLING INTO PAKISTAN WAS ACCIDENTAL. NIXON SAYS U.S. WILL MEET CONTINUED SOVIET AGGRESSION WITH "MAXIMUM FORCE."
INSIDE ARTICLE ON NUCLEAR ALERT PROCEDURE.
FINAL
New York Gazette
NIXON PROMIS
MAXIMUM FORC
IT SAYS THAT ANY DEAD FAMILY MEMBERS SHOULD BE WRAPPED IN PLASTIC GARBAGE SACKS AND PLACED OUTSIDE FOR COLLECTION.
ON 7TH AVENUE, THE HIROSHIMA LOVERS WERE STILL TRYING INADEQUATELY TO CONSOLE ONE ANOTHER.
HOME: GLORIA REMINDED ME THAT RANDY AND DIANA WERE COMING TONIGHT. LOOKED CROSS WHEN I CONFESSED I'D FORGOTTEN. WE DRESSED FOR DINNER IN SILENCE.
DINNER DIDN'T GO VERY WELL.
SO, MAL, HOW ARE THINGS GOING WITH THIS FAMOUS MASKED MANIAC OF YOURS?
OH, YES, TELL US. HAS HE TOLD YOU ANYTHING WEIRD OR KINKY YET?
YES. YES, HE HAS.
TODAY HE TOLD ME ABOUT A GIRL WHO GOT KIDNAPPED.
LOOK, MAYBE THIS ISN'T SUCH A GOOD IDEA RIGHT NOW...
OH, BOY! WAS SHE TIED UP AND GAGGED AND HELPLESS?
RANDEE!
NO. SHE WAS SIX. HER ABDUCTOR KILLED HER, BUTCHERED HER AND FED HER TO HIS GERMAN SHEPHERDS.
GLORIA?
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
27

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GLORIA?
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
27

DIANA REMEMBERED THAT THEIR BABYSITTER HAD TO BE HOME EARLY AND THEY LEFT SOON AFTER DINNER.
GLORIA WENT INTO THE BEDROOM. I FOLLOWED HER. SHE WALKED OUT AGAIN, INTO THE HALL.

I SAT ON THE BED.
SHE CAME IN, WEARING HER COAT, SUBJECTED ME TO A LOT OF CRUDE SEXUAL INSULTS, WENT OUT. THE FRONT DOOR SLAMMED.

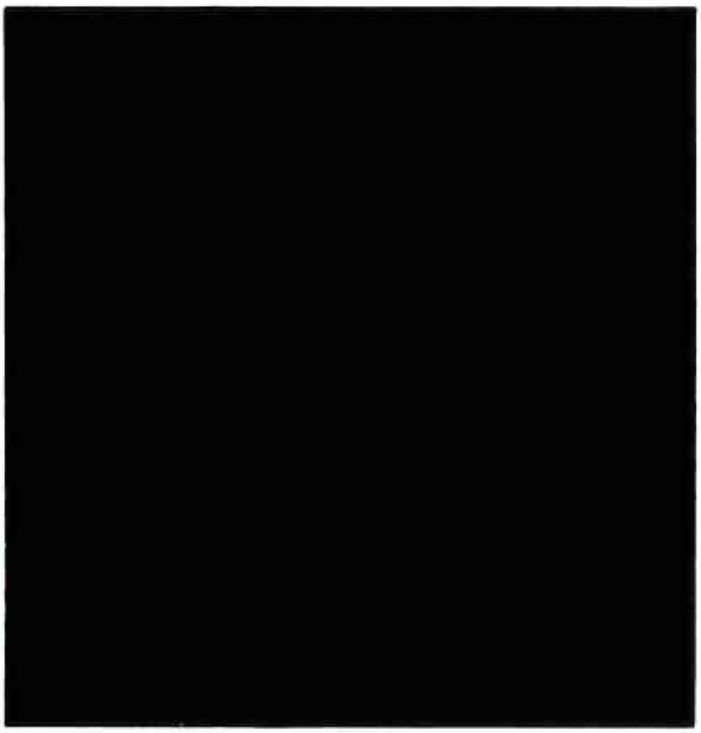
WHY DO WE ARGUE? LIFE'S SO FRAGILE, A SUCCESSFUL VIRUS CLINGING TO A SPECK OF MUD, SUSPENDED IN ENDLESS NOTHING.
CAUTION DO NOT EXCEED STATED DOSE
FALLOUT SHELTER
NEXT WEEK, I COULD BE PUTTING HER INTO A GARBAGE SACK, PLACING HER OUTSIDE FOR COLLECTION.

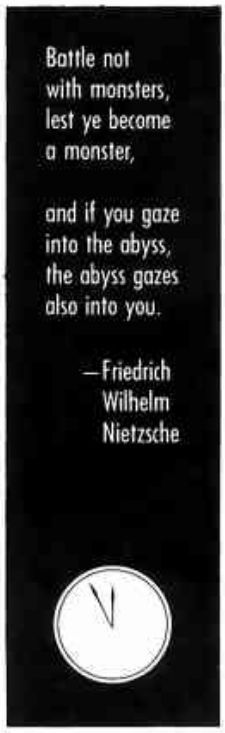
I SAT ON THE BED.
I LOOKED AT THE RORSCHACH BLOT.
I TRIED TO PRETEND IT LOOKED LIKE A SPREADING TREE, SHADOWS POOLED BENEATH IT, BUT IT DIDN'T.

IT LOOKED MORE LIKE A DEAD CAT I ONCE FOUND, THE FAT, GLISTENING GRUBS WRITHING BLINDLY, SQUIRMING OVER EACH OTHER, FRANTICALLY TUNNELING AWAY FROM THE LIGHT.
BUT EVEN THAT IS AVOIDING THE REAL HORROR.

THE HORROR IS THIS: IN THE END, IT IS SIMPLY A PICTURE OF EMPTY MEANINGLESS BLACKNESS.

WE ARE ALONE.
THERE IS NOTHING ELSE.
28




Battle not with monsters, lest ye become a monster,
and if you gaze into the abyss, the abyss gazes also into you.
—Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche

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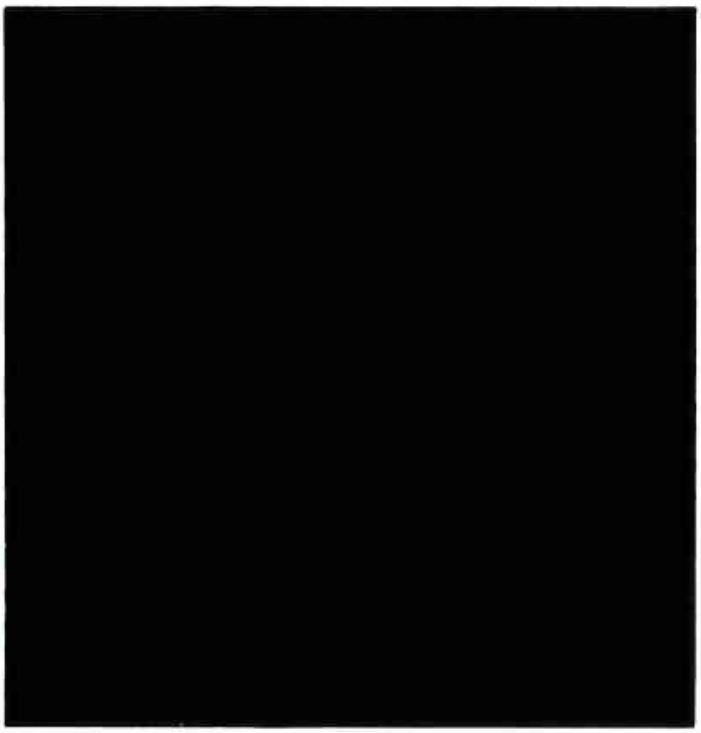

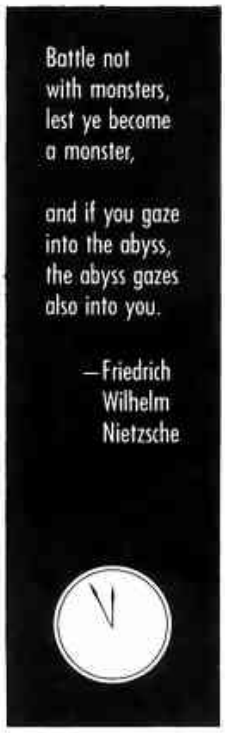
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WALTER J. KOVACS

Form 2-18

New York Police Department
MANHATTAN

FOR INTER-DEPARTMENTAL USE ONLY

(Please type or print clearly)

Name KOVACS, Walter Joseph

Address TRANSIENT

Born 3/21/40

Mothers name KOVACS, Sylvia Joanna (nee GLICK)

Fathers name Unknown

LEFT THUMB PRINT | RIGHT THUMB PRINT

DETAILS OF ARREST | **COPIES:**

Walter Joseph Kovacs, A.K.A. RORSCHACH, was arrested on the night of Monday, October 21st when a squadron of police officers led by Detectives FINE and BOURQUIN surrounded the house of EDGAR WILLIAM JACOBI, A.K.A. EDGAR WILLIAM VAUGHN, A.K.A. WILLIAM EDGAR BRIGHT, A.K.A. MOLOCH, following an anonymous tip: Kovacs, who was on the premises at the time, injured two police officers while resisting arrest. Officer SHAW was admitted to the hospital with minor burns, while Officer Greaves, who was shot at point blank range with a gas-powered grappling gun, has a shattered sternum and is still on the hospital's critical list as of this writing (10/22/85).

When the house was explored, the body of Edgar Jacobi was discovered in the kitchen, shot through the head. The murder weapon was found less than two feet away, and although there were no fingerprints on the gun it should be remembered that since Kovacs was wearing gloves when arrested, this lack of prints is hardly remarkable. Although Kovacs has denied the murder of Jacobi, given his previous history of violence against other criminals and his location in the murder house at the time, few other conclusions seem possible. Curiously, Kovacs has not denied the two other murders attributed to him, those of GERALD ANTHONY GRICE, unemployed, in the summer of 1975, and of wanted multiple rapist HARVEY CHARLES FURNISS two years later in the summer of 1977, immediately following the passage of the Keene Act into law.

At the time of his arrest, the contents of Kovacs' pockets were as follows: 1 battery powered flashlight; 5 individually wrapped cubes 'Sweet Chariot' chewing sugar; 1 map New York underground and subway system, dated 1968 with recent alterations drawn in with a red ballpoint pen; withered remains one red rose; one dollar fifty-nine cents in assorted loose change; one pencil; one notebook, pages filled with what is either an elaborate cypher or handwriting too cramped and eccentric to be legible; one broken bottle 'Nostalgia' cologne for men, possibly broken during leap from Jacobi's second story window during arrest; a residue of ground black pepper.

(If second sheet is needed refer to Form 6-2)

New York State Psychiatric Hospital
West Branch

EARLY HISTORY: A SUMMARY:

Sylvia Kovacs came to New York from Ohio in the spring of 1935 with her husband, Peter Joseph Kovacs, whom she divorced in 1937 amidst mutual accusations of adultery and mental cruelty. After the divorce she had no further contact with her former husband, and for the next three years, she lived in a number of low-rent apartments, both alone and with a number of male acquaintances. Exactly when she drifted into prostitution as a means of meeting her mounting debts is uncertain, but it seems likely that her last semi-permanent relationship was with the true father of Walter Kovacs, who left her two months before the baby was born. Mrs. Kovacs was either unable or unwilling to provide any details concerning him other than that his name was 'Charlie'. Sicne shortly after the birth of her son we see Mrs. Kovacs' first arrest on charges of prostitution, we can perhaps assume that the additional cost of keeping an infant child may have been what necessitated this new occupation, and perhaps also speculate as to whether the above factors were the cause of the resentment and cruelty which Sylvia Kovacs showed to her son as he grew older.

In the July of 1951, the boy was admitted into care after viciously attacking two older boys in the street, partially blinding one of them. When questioned, Kovacs refused to talk about what had caused him to attack the boys, so it must be presumed that it was an unprovoked assault. Nerertheless, investigation of the circumstances the boy lived in revealed that he was regularly beaten and exposed to the worst excesses of a prostitutes lifestyle, and it was decide to place the child under care. He was admitted to the Lillian Charlton Home for Problem Children in New Jersey, where he remained until 1956, when it was decided that he was intelligent and stable enough to function in normal society. During his time at hte home, removed from his mother's negative influence, Kovacs did very well at schoolwork, excelling particularly in the fields of literature and religious education as well as possessing an impressive skill in the areas of gymnastics and amateur boxing. While quiet and shy, especially with women, Kovacs was capable of long and well-reasoned conversations with his classmates and instructors, and struck most peop as a serious but likeable child who was merely a bit withdrawn.

[redacted]his aside, it is clear that his loathin of his mother remained undiminished. Shortly before Kovacs left the Charlton home in 1956, news was received that his mother, who had never made any attempt to contact her child and who had continued to become further involved in the world of small-time vice, had been murdered. Her body had been found in a back alleyway in the South Bronx, the cause of death being the forced ing estion of Drano cleaning fluid.A man named George Paterson, Mrs. Kovacs' pimp, was later charged

New York State Psychiatric Hospital
West Branch

with her murder. When the news was broken to Walter Kovacs, then aged sixteen, his only comment was 'Good.' Shor tly after this , Kovacs left the home to take up residence in the first of a series of small apartments and also take up full employment in a menial capacity within the garment industry, an occupation he apparently remained in up until the mid-seventies, maintaining a dual life between his daytime employment and his nocturnal activities in the guise of 'Rorschach'.

Very little physical evidence existsthat gives a clear insight into the psychology of this troubled man. Some police officers have tentatively identified hima s a prophet-of-doom sandwich-board man seen locally over the last several years, but as Kovacs refuses to divulge his current address, if any, this is not provable at such an early stage in the investigation. Similarly, material relating to his early years is scarce, although I have been able to obtain photocopies of two pieces written by Kovacs during his stay at the Charlton Home, one being an essay written on the set topic of 'My Parents' when Kovacs was eleven, the other being a transcription of Kovacs' verbal recounting of a nightmare he suffered when he was thirteen.

CONFIDENTIAL

Charlton Home

by Walter Kovacs

My Parents

I have two parents, although actually, I don't have any. I never see my mom, but that's okay, although I would like to see my dad sometimes. I have never met my dad and I would sure like to. He had to leave our house when I wasn't even born, I guess because he couldn't get along with my mother. I would of done the same if I was him.

I used to ask my mom about my dad, but she doesn't talk much about him. His name was charlie, which is short for Charles although it has the same number of letters. She says she doesn't know his second name although how can you live with somebodt if you don't know who they are? It is just stupid.

My mom told me she threw my dad out because he was always getting into political arguments with her because he liked President Truman and she didn't. I think perhaps my dad was some sort of aide to President Truman, because he liked him so much. Most probably he was out of the country during the war when I was growing up on some sort of mission. I think he was the kind of guy who would fight for his country and what was right. Maybe he got killed fighting the Nazis and he's with God now and that's how come he never managed to find me.

I like President Truman, the way Dad would of wanted me to. He dropped the atom bomb on Japan and saved millions of lives because if he hadn't of, then there would of been a lot more war than there was and more people would of been killed. I think it was a good thing to drop the atomic bomb on Japan.

That is all I have to say about my parents.

Charlton Home

CONFIDENTIAL

DREAM, 5/27/63

" A man was in my old house, with my mom. They were eating some stuff like raw dough, and my mom choked on a piece. The guy with her tried to fish it out of her throat. He got his whole hand in her mouth and then it was like he had his whole arm down her throat. He told me to get a doctor, so I ran out of the room but the house was all different and there wasn't any doctor there anyway, so I went back to find mom. I was walking down this sort of hallway, and it was dark and I saw what looked like my mom and this guy dancing, old fashioned dancing at the other end of the room, and they didn't have any clothes on. They were sort of clopping around like a horse in a pantomine with two guys in a suit. When they got nearer, I saw they weren't dancing at all, they were squashed together like siamese twins, joined at the face and chest and stomach. They didn't have any face, you could only see their ears, two on either side of the head facing towards each other. Their hands were growing into each other as well, but they had all four legs free and they were sort of dancing sideways towards me down the dark hall like a crab, and there was something tripping 'em up, wrapped around their feet, and I looked down and I saw it was trousers and underwear and stuff. They were coming towards me, and then I woke up. I had feelings when I woke up. Dirty feelings, thoughts and stuff. The dream it sort of upset me, physically. I couldn't help it. I feel bad just talking about it."

From the desk of: Dr. Malcolm L

10/22,

Walter Joseph Kovacs promises to b a complex case, especially in ligh of the extreme nature of his vigilante activities. It may be possible to identify a new syndrome that will help us to understand those other people who have in the past shared Kovacs masked vigilante activities. In any event, keep notes with an eye to possible future publication.
First interview with Kovacs is Friday afternoon. looking forward to it.

Charlton Home

CONFIDENTIAL

DREAM, 5/27/63

" A man was in my old house, with my mom. They were eating some stuff like raw dough, and my mom choked on a piece. The guy with her tried to fish it out of her throat. He got his whole hand in her mouth and then it was like he had his whole arm down her throat. He told me to get a doctor, so I ran out of the room but the house was all different and there wasn't any doctor there anyway, so I went back to find mom. I was walking down this sort of hallway, and it was dark and I saw what looked like my mom and this guy dancing, old fashioned dancing at the other end of the room, and they didn't have any clothes on. They were sort of clopping around like a horse in a pantomine with two guys in a suit. When they got nearer, I saw they weren't dancing at all, they were squashed together like siamese twins, joined at the face and chest and stomach. They didn't have any face, you could only see their ears, two on either side of the head facing towards each other. Their hands were growing into each other as well, but they had all four legs free and they were sort of dancing sideways towards me down the dark hall like a crab, and there was something tripping 'em up, wrapped around their feet, and I looked down and I saw it was trousers and underwear and stuff. They were coming towards me, and then I woke up. I had feelings when I woke up. Dirty feelings, thoughts and stuff. The dream it sort of upset me, physically. I couldn't help it. I feel bad just talking about it."

From the desk of: Dr. Malcolm L

10/22,

Walter Joseph Kovacs promises to b a complex case, especially in ligh of the extreme nature of his vigilante activities. It may be possible to identify a new syndrome that will help us to understand those other people who have in the past shared Kovacs masked vigilante activities. In any event, keep notes with an eye to possible future publication.
First interview with Kovacs is Friday afternoon. looking forward to it.

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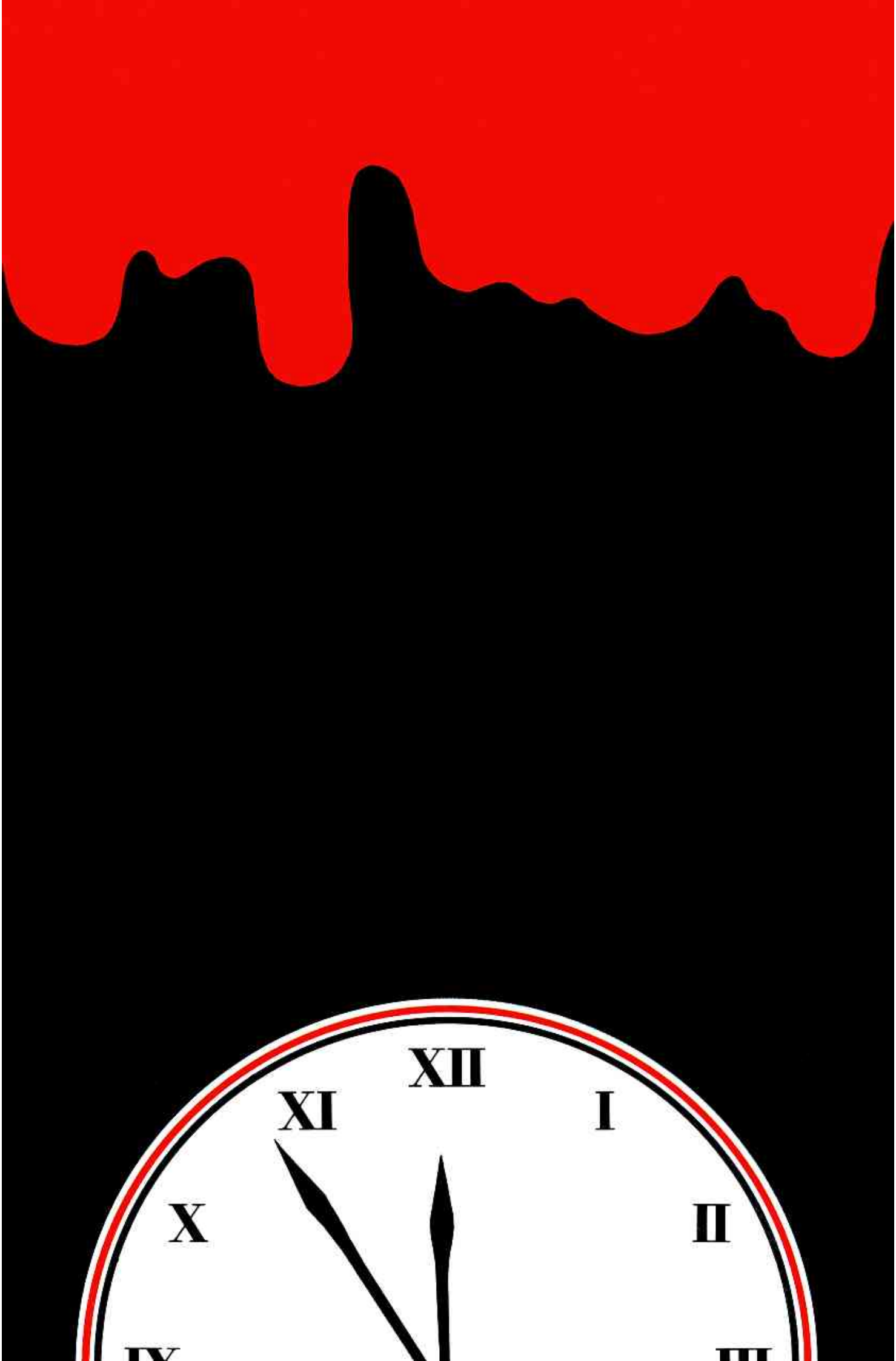
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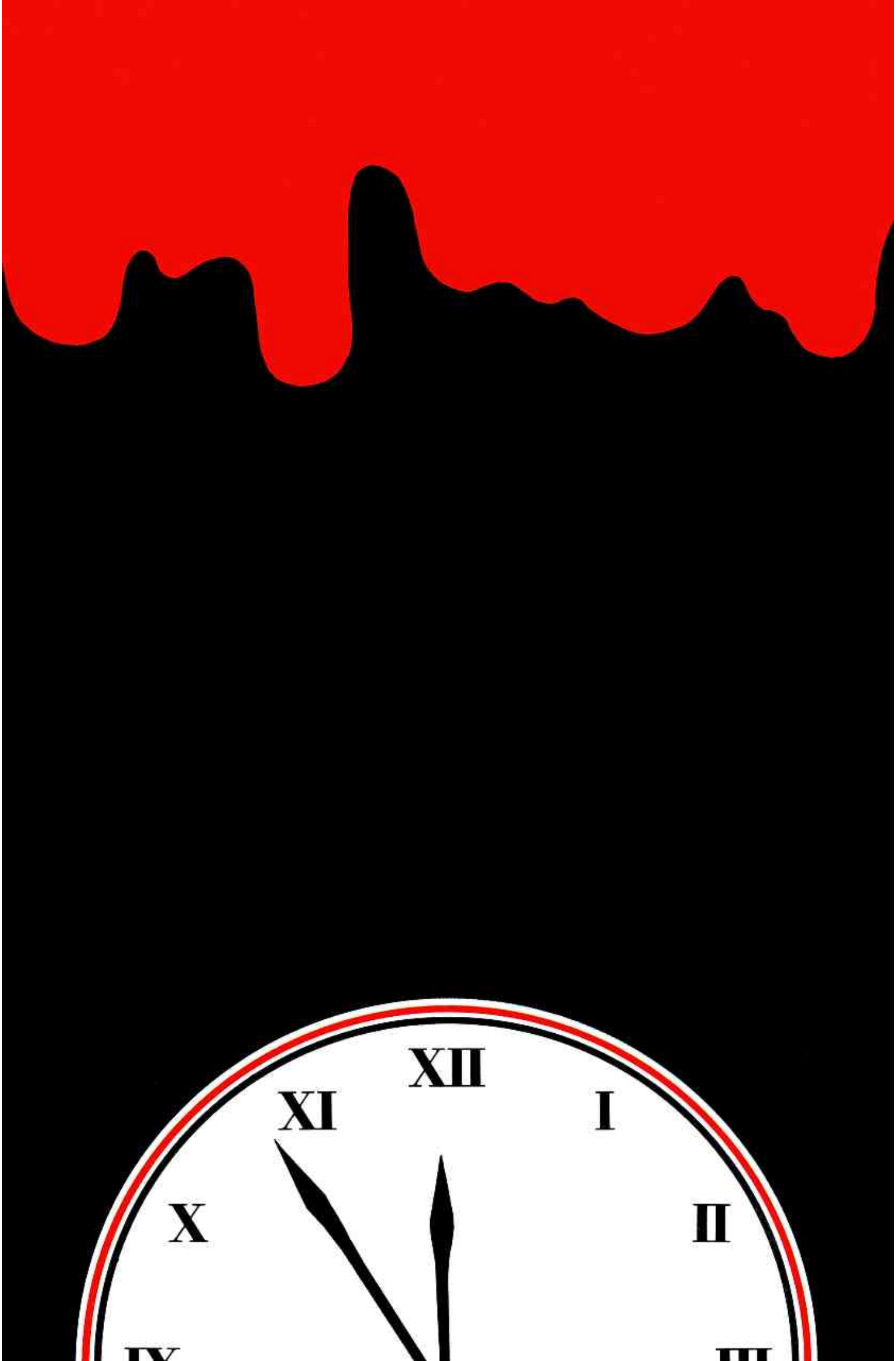
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